

CAMERA SCRIPT

"D R. W H O"

"THE HIGHLANDERS"

by

ELWYN JONES & GERRY DAVIS

Episode 3

TX1966
Serial 'FF'

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CAMERA REHEARSAL: RIVERSIDE 1

SATURDAY, 17th DECEMBER, 1966

Camera rehearsal (with TK-38)	10.30 a.m. - 1.00 p.m.
LUNCH	1.00 p.m. - 2.00 p.m.
Camera rehearsal (with TK-38)	2.00 p.m. - 7.00 p.m.
DINNER	7.00 p.m. - 8.00 p.m.
Sound & vision line-up	8.00 p.m. - 8.30 p.m.

TELERECORDING: VT/4T/36500

SATURDAY, 17th DECEMBER 8.30 p.m. - 9.45 p.m.

TRANSMISSION: BBC-1

Saturday, 31st December 5.50 - 6.15 p.m.

(TAPE EDITING: Tuesday, 20th December 7.00 - 10.00 p.m.)

C A S T

Dr. Who PATRICK TROUGHTON
 Trask DALLAS CAVELL
 Ben MICHAEL CRAZE
 Jamie FRAZER HINES
 The Laird DONALD BISSET
 Willie MacKay ANDREW DOWNIE
 Polly ANNEKE WILLS
 Kirsty HANNAH GORDON
 Lt. Algernon Finch MICHAEL ELWYN
 Sergeant PETER WELCH
 Perkins..... SYDNEY ARNOLD
 Solicitor Grey DAVID GARTH

EXTRAS:

Woman in Inn NANCY GABRIEL
 Scotsmen in hold DEREK MARTIN WALTER HENRY PATRICK SCOTT
 PAUL PHILLIPS EDEN FOX DENNIS HAYWOOD
 TONY LANG MICHAEL OWEN PAT DONOHUE
 GORDON CRAIG JACK DUGGAN GERRY ALEXANDER
 DENNIS BALCOMBE BILL BEESLEY
 HEIN VILJOEN HARRY SWIFT
 English Sailors PAT GORMAN ALAN TROY
 English Soldiers JAMES HOLBROOK PETER ROY MIKE BRITTON
 DENNIS PLENTY JOHN KNOTT BARRY DU PRE
 DENNIS STANLEY DONALD SINCLAIR

EPISODE - 3

RUNNING ORDER.

Page	Scene/Set	Characters	Light	Shots	Cams.	Booms
1.	<u>T/cine 1</u> : Standard opening titles. Boat by ship.	Trask; Ben; Colin; Jamie.	Night		T/cine	s.o.f.
1.	<u>1: Int. Hold</u>	Ben; Jamie; Colin; Willie; Highlanders(n/s)	Night	1-14	1A 4A 2A	A1 C1
5.	<u>2: Int. Barn</u>	Polly;Kirsty	Day	15-22	5A 3A 4B	B1 A2
8.	<u>3: Int. Inn</u>	Doc; Algy; Woman(N/S) Soldiers(N/S)	Day	23-25	1B 3B	C2 A3
BREAK: ARTISTS COSTUME CHANGE						
9.	<u>3A: Ext. Inn</u>	Polly;Kirsty; Sergeant	Day	26	4C	B2
9.	<u>3B: Int. Inn</u>	Polly;Kirsty; Sergeant; Algy; Doc; Soldiers(N/S) Perkins:	Day	27-39	2B 1B 3B	B3 C2 A3
BREAK: CAM. 1 REPOS. TO A.						
13.	<u>4: Int. Hold</u>	Grey; Traks; Willie; Colin; Jamie; Ben; Seamen; Highlanders (N/S)	Day	40-54	1A 4A 2A	B4 C1
17.	<u>5: Int. Inn</u>	Perkins; Polly Doctor; Kirsty; Grey	Day	55-63	3B 5B	A3
BREAK: REPOS. ARTISTS & CAMS. (Lift 1's cable over 4 & 5)						
21.	<u>6: Ext. Barn</u>	Doctor; Polly; Kirsty	Day	64	4C	F/Rod
21.	<u>7: Int. Barn</u>	Doctor; Polly; Kirsty	Day	65-75	5C 1D 4B	B1 C3
26.	<u>T/cine 2</u> : Ext. Boat. Grey & Perkins arrive on Brig.	Grey; Perkins; Trask; Seamen.	Night	76	T/cine	s.o.f.

RUNNING ORDER cont'd

Page	Scene/Set	Characters	Light	Shots	Cams.	Booms
28.	<u>8: Int. Barn</u>	Polly; Kirsty; Doctor	Night	77-84	4B 1D 5C	B1 C3
30.	<u>T/cine 3:</u> Ben is dumped in the water	Ben; Grey; Trask; Seaman	Night	85	T/cine	s.o.f.
31.	<u>Roller caption & slide</u>			86	2C	

"DOCTOR WHO AND THE HIGHLANDERS"EPISODE THREERUN TK-38FADE UP TK-38s.o.f.STANDARD "DR. WHO"
OPENING TITLES.FADE OUTFADE UP END OF PREVIOUS T/CINETELECINE:TRASK'S last speech
and the bubbles rising
to the surface.SUPER SLIDE

THE HIGHLANDERS

MIX SLIDEby ELWYN JONES and
GERRY DAVISMIX SLIDE

Episode 3.

2A 1A 4A
A1 C11. INT. HOLD. NIGHT.SLOW MIX

- 1) 2 A
M.L.S. Porthole L/A
Slow pan L.
End with ladder in b/g
& mast L.O.F.

(A CREAKING OF TIMBERS IN
THE HALF LIGHT. THERE
IS ONE SOLITARY PORTHOLE
FAR TOO SMALL TO GET
MORE THAN A HAND AND
ARM THROUGH.

Grams.
Bagpipe
lament.

WE SEE SOME TIGHT SHOTS OF
ANONYMOUS BODIES HUDDLED
TOGETHER COVERED BY THEIR
PLAIDS.

- 2) 1 A As BEN
L/A ladder appears
BEN descends, followed
by others.

THERE IS A SUDDEN SHAFT OF
LIGHT FROM ABOVE AND BEN,
JAMIE AND COLLIN AND
THE OTHER HIGHLANDERS
ARE HUSTLED DOWN A STEP
LADDER)

BEN: There's no room 'ere.4 next

TRASK: (OOV) Room enough for rebels.
Get stowed below there.

(THEY STRUGGLE THROUGH & FIND
THEMSELVES A TIGHT CORNER BY
THE OPEN PORTHOLE, CLIMBING OVER
SLEEPING BODIES TO GET TO IT.)

BEN: What you got down there, stinking
fish?

TRASK: (:AUGHS) Yeah, that's a very
lively nose you got there lad - that's
exactly what it is - stinking fish.
Now get down there.

JAMIE: I'm not going to

TRASK: Oh yes you are. That's where
you scurvy villains go. One word out
of any of you and I'll be down there
with my cutlass and you'll soon find
out who's master here.

BEN: Can't breathe down here.

JAMIE: I'm no surprised. It's packed
like a slave ship.

COLIN: Aye, and unless I'm mistaken
that's just what it is. There will
be many more of us before long.

(BEN, JAMIE TURN TO COLIN)

JAMIE: How are ye?

COLIN: Thank you, Jamie, my fever's
going.

JAMIE: It'll be no better for being
cooped up in this hell hole.

BEN: Yeah, for how long though?
Where are they sending us?

COLIN: (SHRUGS) What kens?

BEN: What?

JAMIE: Who knows?

3) 4 A on move

4-sh L/A
WILLIE R. f/g
BEN L f/g

Tighten as BEN
Xs fwd.

(BEN SHAKES THE NEAREST MAN,
HEAD WRAPPED IN HIS PLAID)

BEN: Hey, mate, got any ideas where
they're sending us?

(THE HIGHLANDER, WILLIE MACKAY,
WAKES UP, STARES AT HIM, MOVES
AWAY AS IF STUNG.)

WILLIE: (LOUDLY) Beware spies.

(A MURMUR OF "Where"? "What"?
AS THE HIGHLAND PRISONERS
BEGIN TO WAKE UP)

Elevate as WILLIE
rises.
BEN goes R.

This man be an Englishman.

Deep 2-sh WILLIE/BEN

(HE STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET,
A TOUGH, WEATHERED, EX-
SEAMAN IN HIS FORTIES)

One more blow we can strike for
Scotland. One more piece of
vermin to stamp on./

4) 2 A
M.C.U. WILLIE

(HE EDGES FORWARD SAVAGELY,
A ROW OF BEARDED FACES
COMES ROUND TO FOLLOW HIM)

Once down, put your feet on him.
Tramp his English bones to the deck./

5) 4 A
2-sh a/b

Crowd gathers round
in f/g.

(EVERYONE IS NOW AWAKE.
THE CIRCLE OF SAVAGE
FACES DRAWS NEARER.)

BEN BACKS AWAY TO THE
CORNER OF THE HOLD AND
IS CUT OFF FROM THE OTHERS
AND SURROUNDED. THEY
START TO MOVE FORWARD FOR
THE KILL)

Back; I discovered him. The first
blow is mine.

As WILLIE turns L
pivot on him and let
COLIN in L.

COLIN: Will Mackay will na'
strike a friend of the Prince!

WILLIE: What? Whose voice is
that?

(COLIN COMES FORWARD
HELPED BY JAMIE)

COLIN: You haven't been so long
away ye canna recognise me.

2 next

WILLIE: T'is (LOOKS CLOSELY)
Colin Maclaren himself.

(HE CLASPS COLIN'S HAND
WARMLY)

COLIN: And Jamie, son o' Donald
Macriamon. A piper like his
father and his father's father.

JAMIE: Wi' no pipes.

- 6) 2 A on turn WILLIE: Wee Jamie! (TURNING TO BEN)
M.C.U. BEN And this Englishman is a friend of
7) 4 A the Prince?
3-sh a/b

COLIN: He is a friend of mine. He
helped bring me here, weak but
alive.

- 8) 1 A WILLIE: Then I crave your pardon.
Deep 4-sh A friend of the Maclaren is a
JAMIE/COLIN/WILLIE/BEN friend of mine.

(THERE IS A MURDER OF
AGREEMENT FROM THE OTHER
HIGHLANDERS)

4 TO B. FAST

BEN: (THANKFULLY) Thanks.

Tighten as BEN
Xs fwd.

(HE SHAKES HANDS WITH
WILLIE)

Glad to hear it.

- 9) 2 A WILLIE: How come you here?
M.C.U. JAMIE
10) 1 A JAMIE: He's a deserter from the English.
2-sh WILLIE/BEN

WILLIE: Aye? I'm a man o'
the sea myself. The master of
this very vessel.

- 11) 2 A BEN: If you're the Skipper here -
M.C.U. WILLIE what's that Trask geazer doing
on the bridge?

12) 1 A WILLIE: That shark was my mate. I was running arms for the Prince, past the blockade ye see. Trask betrayed me and the Navy boarded the "Annabelle".
C.U. BEN Now he runs it for King George.

13) 2 A BEN: Oh yeah?
Tight 2-sh (WILLIE'S TEMPER FLARES UP AGAIN)
fav. WILLIE

WILLIE: Ye doubt my word?

14) 1 A BEN:(HASTILY) No Skipper. Just that bit about working for King George.
Tight 2-sh after reaction
fav. BEN WILLIE: What d'ye mean man?

BEN: We're not exactly being held like prisoners of war, are we? Hasn't it occurred to you that Trask may be using this ship without the knowledge of his King and Sovereign? In some big fiddle on his own account?

WILLIE: Fiddle?

BEN: Look, he'll sell us like the stinking fish he thinks we are. Slave labour, that's what we'll going to be. Now you think of that, all of you, slave labour.

5A 3A 4B
B1 A2

2. INT. BARN. DAY.

15) 5 A (POLLY IS WAITING ANXIOUSLY FOR Grams. KIRSTY TO RETURN. SHE THINKS SHE Horses on HEARS SOMETHING, RUNS TO THE DOOR cobbles, OF THE BARN BUT IT IS OBVIOUSLY NOT birds, KIRSTY. SHE RETURNS TO THE HAY AND etc. SITS DOWN FIDDLING WITH KIRSTY'S DIRK AND PRACTISING STABS WITH IT. THE THOUGHT OF ACTUALLY HAVING TO STAB SOMEONE WITH IT HOWEVER SHE REJECTS WITH DISGUST AND SHE DROPS THE WEAPON AS THOUGH IT WERE UNCLEAN.
M.C.U. POLLY lying in hay

16) 3 A as she turns
M.C.U. KIRSTY's feet
Tilt up to hand on lock

17) 5 A on Q.
M.C.U. POLLY a/b
Follow her feet R down ladder, then L. to L. f/g.
Tilt up as she kneels for deep 2-sh POLLY/KIRSTY

KIRSTY ENTERS AND POLLY GRABS THE DIRK AGAIN. SHE TURNS, SEES IT IS KIRSTY AND DROPS IT AGAIN.)

4 next

18) 4 B POLLY: You gave me a fright. /

M.L.S. KIRSTY
side of arch R. f/g,
straw etc. L. f/g.

A2

(KIRSTY IS LOADED DOWN
WITH CLOTHES, A SMALL BAG
OF ORANGES ETC.,)

KIRSTY: Phew! I'm no used to
fetching and carrying. We had
our own servants ye ken.

Let POLLY in

POLLY:(DRILY) It's obvious.
(EXCITED) Have you got everything?

KIRSTY: Aye. Clothes for ye,
trays and ... (WITH RELUCTANCE)
oranges. Though why ye have to
spend the money on oranges!

19) 5 A on move POLLY: You'll see. /

L. 2-sh L/A
POLLY/KIRSTY
steps in L. f/g.

(SHE HOLDS UP THE CLOTHES)

B1

Tighten & elevate
as they X fwd.

A TO 3 FAST

Oh, that's the gear. Last time
I went back to the past I had to
wear boys clothes all the time.

KIRSTY: (BLANKLY) Eh?

20) 4 B as POLLY POLLY: Never mind. /

2-sh L/A turns
POLLY/KIRSTY

How do I look?

21) 5 A (KIRSTY A LITTLE JEALOUS
OF POLLY'S LOOKS:)
M.C.U. KIRSTY

22) 4 B KIRSTY: Oh, bonnie enou' /

2-sh a/b

Pull back as they
X fwd. with oranges
to trays in f/g.

(POLLY MAKES A SMUG NOSE AT
HER)

POLLY: Now the oranges.

On 4

(POLLY EMPTIES THE ORANGES
OUT AND ARRANGES THEM ON
TWO ROUGH TRAYS KIRSTY HAS
BROUGHT.

KIRSTY FINALLY BEGINS TO
UNDERSTAND)

Tilt down on tray
with oranges, then
up to 2-sh KIRSTY/POLLY

KIRSTY: You're not going to
have us selling oranges are you?

POLLY: (A TERRIBLE THOUGHT) Oh
gosh. They do have orange sellers
don't they? I haven't got it wrong
- Nell Gwyn and all that!

KIRSTY: (PUZZLED) Nell Gwyn! Of
course there are orange sellers in
Scotland. Where are your eyes!
But they're mostly coarse, common
girls ye ken.

POLLY: The sort that hang round
soldiers?

KIRSTY: Aye.

POLLY: Then we're orange sellers.

(KIRSTY LOOKS AT HER
IN DISMAY)

How else can we find out where
they've taken the doctor and
your father? There must be
something we can do.

KIRSTY: But, if they find us
out?

POLLY: We still have a friend
who can help us.

KIRSTY: Who?

POLLY: Good old Algy! I wonder
where he is?

3. INT. INN. MAIN ROOM. DAY.

23) 1 B

H/A Group around
barrels.
As DOC Xs fwd.
depress & job R.
DOC comes into M.C.U.

(WE ARE IN THE MAIN ROOM OF THE INN. THERE IS A LARGE FIREPLACE WITH AN INGLE NOOK AT EITHER SIDE. DOWN ONE SIDE OF THE ROOM ARE A SUCCESSION OF PARTITIONS WITH TABLE AND BENCHES AFFORDING A MEASURE OF PRIVACY TO THE OCCUPANTS. IN THE CENTRE IS THE MAIN DINING TABLE OF THE INN WITH SEVERAL SOLDIERS GROUPED AROUND IT DRINKING AND INDULGING IN A MILD GAME OF CARDS - MILD BECAUSE THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND HAS EXXPRESSLY FORBIDDEN THE MORE EXTREME FORMS OF GAMBLING.

THREE SOLDIERS ARE GROUPED ROUND THE BAR TABLE BARREL. THE FIRST SOLDIER IS DRAWING OFF A PINT OF BEER. THE DOCTOR, STILL IN HIS OLD WOMAN'S DISGUISE, COMES UP WITH A MUG, ELBOWS THE MAN OUT OF THE WAY AND HOLDS HIS MUG OUT.)

DOCTOR: Ladies first.

(THE MEN REACT, JEER AT HIM AND START TO BUNG HIM FROM ONE TO ANOTHER. THE BEER IS SPILT FROM HIS MUG AND HE IS OBVIOUSLY GETTING DIZZY, CROSS-EYED, ETC. HE STOPS, HOLDS HIS HANDS OUT AND GRABS THE TWO MEN BY THEIR LAPELS AND WITH A MOST UNLADYLIKE STRENGTH, CRACKS THEIR HEADS TOGETHER. THEY SUBSIDE TO SITTING POSITIONS ON THE FLOOR, HALF-STUNNED. THE DOCTOR TAKES THE FULL MUG FROM THE THIRD (STUPEFIED) SOLDIER - THE BEER IS RUNNING OVER THE BRIM - AND WITH HUFFY DIGNITY STEPS OVER THEIR LEGS AND OVER TO ONE OF THE PARTITIONS.

He looks L. as ALG.
appears in L. b/g.

Let DOC go L.

Track fwd. as ALG.
Xs R. past soldiers in f/g
to sit.

ALGERNON ENTERS LIMPING
SLIGHTLY, THE MEN AT THE
TABLE STAND TO ATTENTION)

ALGERNON: (TO MEN) Sit down.... sit down.

3 next

- Let girl in with wine.
She Xs L.
Tighten & lose her head.
- 24) 3 B On Q M.C.U. MOLLY L/A (reaction)
- 25) 1 B Let girl go L.
Tighten.
- ALGERNON: (cont.) (TAKES THE GLASS)
At last.
(AS MOLLIE WAITS TO BE PAID)
Be off with you. I'll pay later.
(HE SWIGS THE WINE AND SINKS BACK CONTENTEDLY CLOSING HIS EYES)
That's better. That's better.

(THERE IS A DISTURBANCE OUTSIDE.)

RECORDING BREAK: ARTISTS' CHANGE.

3A. EXT. INN. DAY.

4C B2

- 26) 4 C Let POLLY in L.,
KIRSTY in R. 1/A
Oranges C. frame.
SGT. in R.
Tilt up for 3-sh.
Pan them R. to door.
- (THE SERGEANT HAS POLLY AND KIRSTY, BOTH IN THEIR ORANGE SELLERS OUTFIT AND HOLDING THEIR TRAYS OF ORANGES BEFORE THEM, BY THE ARM.)
SERGEANT: Right. In there.

3B. INT. INN. DAY.

2B 1B 3B
B3 A3 C2

- 27) 2 B 3-sh 1/A
SGT/POLLY/KIRSTY
post in R. f/g.,
door L.O.F.
Crab R. & end with
DOC L.O.F. f/g.,
KIRSTY & Soldiers R.O.F.
- SERGEANT: Ye'll come and see the officer, both of ye.
(THE DOCTOR RECOGNISES POLLY AND KIRSTY, TENSES HIMSELF FOR ACTION.
ALGERNON WEARILY OPENS HIS EYES.)
- 28) 1 B On Q M.S. SGT.
Take him L. to Girls
Then take them R.
past Soldiers
- KIRSTY: Take your hands off me, or I'll skelp the hide off ye.
POLLY: Kirsty, be quiet!
KIRSTY: Well I'm no going to have a great ignorant Englishman laying hands on me.

(SERGEANT GIVES POLLY & KIRSTY A SHOVE, THEN WALKS OVER TO ALGERNON)

SERGEANT: Go on, get on.... I haven't got all day, to waste on women like you.

(POLLY & KIRSTY HAVE BEEN PUSHED OVER TO THE TABLE WHERE THE MEN ARE SEATED. THE SOLDIERS ATTEMPT TO STEAL THE ORANGES FROM THE TRAYS.)

3 next

KIRSTY: Hey, put that back you thief, or I'll tell your officer.

(~~COARSE~~ LAUGH FROM THE MEN)

POLLY: Yes, if you want oranges you'll have to pay for them just like anyone else.

(SERGEANT COMES BACK TO INVESTIGATE COMMOTION)

SERGEANT: Get back you scum. Go on - get back or I'll flay you alive.

(THE MEN BECOME QUIET)

KIRSTY: (~~SARCASTICALLY~~) Oh Sergeant, you're so brave.

(POLLY GIGGLES)

SERGEANT: Very funny. Well, we'll see just how brave you two are when the Lieutenant's finished with you.

29) 3 B as Polly appears

Deep group sh. L/A
ALG. wine glass R.f/g
POLLY L. b/s
As POLLY Xs fwd. .

(POLLY SEES ALGERNON AND RUSHES OVER TO HIM)

30) 1 B as ALG.
Tight 2-sh reacts
POLLY/ALG.

POLLY: Algernon! Algernon!

ALGERNON: Eh? What! What!

31) 3B
M.C.U. SGT.

SERGEANT: These two looked like the rebels we was hunting yesterday, sir.

32) 1 B
2-sh a/b

(POLLY HER CHEEK AGAINST ALGERNON'S)

POLLY: Nasty man. Tell him we're not ~~Algy~~ dear.

33) 3 B
2-sh KIRSTY/ALG.

ALGERNON: Now just a minute.....

KIRSTY: Aye, we're auld friends.

34) 1 B
4-sh
KIRSTY/SGT./POLLY/ALG.

Pan SGT. L.
to Soldiers

SERGEANT: I can see that./

ALGERNON: (CONFUSED) Well, that's all Sergeant. Go about your business.

(SOME OF THE MEN START TO LAUGH, MUCH TO ALGERNON'S DISCOMFORTURE BUT THE SERGEANT TURNS AND WITHERS THEM WITH A GLANCE.)

2 next

35) 2 B On Q. SERGEANT: Right, all out of it. / Do
 Deep Group sh. you think the King pays you to idle
 DOC L. f/g here all day? Come on! Come on!
 Solders/SGT. R. b/g The last man out gets five hundred lashes.

Let Soldiers & (SOLDIERS CLEAR THE ROOM, FOLLOWED
 SGT. go L. BY THE SERGEANT.)
 DOC rises & Xs
 to table.

ALGERNON: This is really t-too much.

36) 1 B
 Tight 3-sh
 POLLY/ALG/KIRSTY

POLLY: (POUTING) Oh Algy, we thought you
 might have been flattered. We turned
 to you for help immediately. Didn't we
 Kirsty?

KIRSTY: Aye - just the kind of person two
 defenceless girls would turn to.

ALGERNON: I'll have you thrown in
 prison.

(POLLY QUOTES FROM HIS IDENTITY
 DISC FROM MEMORY)

POLLY: Lieutenant Algernon Thomas Alfred
 ffinch of ...

ALGERNON: Stop (HE LOOKS AROUND.
 THE DOCTOR WITHDRAWS INTO HIS PARTITION
 OUT OF SIGHT) Now what more do you want
 of me? (PLAINTIVELY) You've got my
 money demmit. Haven't even the price of
 a glass of wine on me.

37) 3 B on turn (POLLY CHANGING TO A HARD TONE)

Deep 4-sh
 DOC/POLLY/ALG/KIRSTY POLLY: I don't suppose the Doctor and
 the others have water to drink never mind
 wine. Now, where are the prisoners?

38) 1 B after ALGERNON: (UNHAPPILY) How should I know?
 In prison I expect, where they belong. /

2-sh DOC's
 ALG/KIRSTY reaction KIRSTY: They're no there. We've
 checked. Now, where are they?

3 next

On 1.

ALGERNON: I don't know. I just round them up. You'll have to ask Solicitor Grey. He's in charge of prisoners.

Pan L. to 2-sh
with P.

POLLY: Where is he?

ALGERNON: He has a room next door. .
Now can I go? ~~I haven't had a wink of sleep dash it.~~ I'm still tired.

POLLY: Oh go on.

Keep 2-sh as ALG.
rises & Xs L.

(ALGERNON TURNS TO GO)

But mind, not a word to anyone.

Take ALG. L. for
deep 3-sh
PERKINS/ALG/DOC.

(ALGERNON NODS UNHAPPILY
AND GOES TO DOOR.

THE DOCTOR GETS UP TO GO
OVER TO THE GIRLS BUT
PERKINS ENTERS. THE
DOCTOR SITS DOWN AGAIN)

ALGERNON: (TO PERKINS) Two
wenches there - to see the
solicitor.

Jib R. & keep 3-sh
as DOC rises &
Xs R.

(PERKINS SMILES AND OILS
HIS WAY OVER TO THE GIRLS.
HE HAS A HABIT OF
CONTINUALLY "WASHING"
HIS HANDS.

PERKINS Xs fwd.
collides with DOC.

PERKINS LOOKS SLYLY FROM
ONE TO THE OTHER:)

Take him R. to
3-sh PERKINS/
POLLY/KIRSTY

PERKINS: Cedric Perkins,
solicitor's clerk, at your service
ladies. What can I do for you?

(THERE IS SOMETHING
SINISTER IN HIS LOOK
AND MANNER THAT MAKES
THE TWO GIRLS DRAW
BACK SLIGHTLY)

POLLY: Where is the solicitor?

- 39) 3 B PERKINS: (SMILING) Seeing to
M.C.U. PERKINS L/A his duties Madame. Giving some
Push in to C.U. rebel prisoners the choice between
life and death.

RECORDING BREAK: CAM. 1 REPOS. TO A.

1A 4A 2A
B4 C1

4. INT. HOLD OF BRIG. DAY.

- 40) 1 A (SOLICITOR GREY IS STANDING
L.S. TRASK 1/A ON THE STEPS LEADING DOWN
Bodies f/g TO THE CROWDED HOLD, SOME
Barrel R. f/g PAPERS IN HIS HAND.
Track fwd. as TRASK
comes fwd. for 2-sh
with GREY TRASK IS BESIDE HIM WITH
HIS WHIP IN HIS HAND)

TRASK: Silence you bilge rats.
The solicitor hath news for ye.

Jib L, elevate
& tighten as they
stop.

(THE MEN IN THE HOLD, WHO
HAVE BEEN MUTTERING
NERVOUSLY TO EACH OTHER,
FALL SILENT)

GREY: Rebels! Your attention.
A mark of clemency from his
Gracious Majesty King George.

(A MURMER OF PROTEST)

- 41) 4 A as Trask TRASK: Quiet! /
3-sh L/A whips
TRASK/GREY/Extra
(HE CRACKS THE WHIP AT THE
NEAREST MAN, WHO DRAWS
BACK, THE REST QUIETEN
DOWN AGAIN)

- 42) 2 A GREY: The clemency can be with-
M.S. WILLIE drawn, so heark ye.

- 43) 1 A WILLIE: We're listening to ye.
2-sh a/b

4 next

(TRASK PRICKS HIS EARS UP
AT THE FAMILIAR VOICE AND
TRIES TO PICK OUT WILLIE
IN THE GLOOM)

GREY: It has pleased his Majesty to declare that whereas there are a great many of his rebellious subjects in jail, a speedy example must be made of them./

44) 4 A

Deep 5-sh
COLIN L. f/g
JAMIE R. f/g
TRASK/GREY b/g

COLIN: Clemency!

GREY: Therefore it is ordained that there will be those required as witnesses.

JAMIE: Traitors ye mean.

GREY: Those not wanting to turn King's evidence will be hanged.

45) 1 A as uproar

Group sh. starts
H/A
Slow pan L. to
find TRASK/GREY

Then go L. with
Seaman & depress
to barrel.

Take it R.

Tighten as papers
are placed on
barrel, then up
to single of GREY

(A STORM OF PROTESTS BREAKS
OUT AT THIS.

GREY WAITS PATIENTLY UNTIL
THE HUBBUB DIES DOWN A
LITTLE - THEN RAISES HIS
HAND)

There is one other alternative,
Mr. Trask!

(TRASK TURNS AND BECKONS
FORWARD A SEAMAN WITH A
SMALL TABLE, INKSTAND
AND PEN.

THE SEAMAN PUTS IT DOWN
AT THE FOOT OF THE STEPS
AND STANDS WITH ARMS
FOLDED. HE HAS TWO
PISTOLS AT HIS BELT.

GREY HOLDS UP HIS PAPERS)

Plantation

/Workers are wanted for His Majesty's colonies in the West Indies. I have here contracts for seven years. Sign your name to these and - (HE SMILES SLIGHTLY) you will have free transportation to your new homes. (cont ...)

(NO ONE STIRS. HE LOOKS
AROUND HIM)

4 next

Jib R. & pan R.
over faces.

Extra Xs L.
WILLIE comes fwd.

Tighten for 2-sh
Extra/WILLIE

As Extra sits,
zoom in &
tighten on
WILLIE

GREY: (cont) Well! Will no one
be the first to sign?

(A MAN SLOWLY GETS UP AND
SHUFFLES FORWARD.)

GREY PLACES THE PAPERS ON
THE TABLE IN FRONT OF HIM)

WILLIE: (STANDS UP SUDDENLY)
Dinna touch that pen.

(HE COMES FORWARD)

46) 4 A I ken fine what ye offer solicitor.
2-sh TRASK/GREY I've seen these West Indies plantations.
(IMPRESSIVELY) Nae one
of you that sign will live out
47) 2 A as Trask your seven years. Better a quick
Deep 3-sh turns back and honourable death at the end of
TRASK/GREY/WILLIE a rope than a slow death after months
of constant toil, lashings and the fever.

48) 1 A (THE HIGHLANDERS ARE NOW
Tight 2-sh SPLIT AND ARGUE, FURIOUSLY
TRASK/GREY turns AMONG THEMSELVES)

GREY: (SOTTO VOCE) Who is that?

TRASK: Willie Mackay, former
master of this vessel.

GREY: Ah, I see.

TRASK: (HAND ON HIS PISTOL BUTT)
We should have disposed of him
long ago.

(HE MOVES FORWARD)

49) 4 A GREY: (STOPPING HIM) Later.....
as Grey Trask.....
Deep 5-sh raises hand
COLIN L. f/g
JAMIE R. f/g
TRASK/GREY b/g (HE RAISES HIS HAND FOR
SILENCE)

Listen to me. You have heard what
Master Mackay offers you - death
with honour, lingering at the end of a
halter.....

2 next

On Q, slow pan R.
to end on WILLIE

GREY: (cont) - followed
by quartering and the
like courtesies given to rebels.
I offer you your life and a
chance to work for your
liberty.

50) 2 A
Deep 3-sh a/b

WILLIE: (BITTERLY) Liberty!!

GREY: Make your choice. Those
who wish to sign over here.

(INDICATES THE LEFT SIDE
OF THE HOLD)

Those who wish to hang or -

(HE TURNS AS THOUGH THE IDEA
HAD JUST OCCURED TO HIM)

of course ... turn King's Evidence -

(HE BOWS SLIGHTLY TO WILLIE)

over there.

51) 4 A as Highlanders
Group sh. arrive
Crab L. with Highlanders
end on 3-sh.
COLIN/BEN/JAMIE in f/g
WILLIE comes fwd.
Then pan L. with last
Highlander to TRASK/GREY.
Then pan TRASK L.

(THERE IS A MOMENT'S HESITA-
TION THEN THE HIGHLANDERS
BEGIN TO MOVE ACROSS TO THE
LEFT HAND SIDE)

JAMIE: The fools.

WILLIE: Stop stop men!

(EVENTUALLY ONLY COLIN,
JAMIE, WILLIE AND BEN
ARE LEFT ON THE RIGHT
HAND SIDE OF THE HOLD.

THE OTHERS ARE LINING
UP TO SIGN OR MAKE THEIR
CROSS ON THE PAPER)/

52) 2 A as Grey
Deep group sh. turns
L/A
COLIN L. f/g
JAMIE R. f/g
GREY in b/g.

TRASK: Line up 'ere, ready to sign.

GREY: (LOOKING OVER) Only four
for the gallows.

(BEN SUDDENLY BREAKS AWAY
FROM THE OTHER THREE AND
COMES UP TO THE TABLE)

1 next

JAMIE: Ben!

(STARTS FORWARD TO STOP HIM)

53) 1 A as they meet COLIN: (SADLY) Let him go. /
2-sh GREY/BEN

Pull back as
BEN Xs L. for
2-sh BEN/GREY

BEN: What about me - can I sign?

(GREY SMILES, STEPS ASIDE
AND WAVES HIS HAND AT THE
PAPER.

BEN: Can I read it first?
BEN SHOULDERS ASIDE THE
NEXT HIGHLANDER AND BENDS
OVER THE TABLE. THE
NEXT INSTANT HE HAS SEIZED
THE LIST OF NAMES AND TORN
IT INTO, AND THEN INTO FOUR
PIECES)

Whip pan L. to
TRASK/BEN

GREY: Of course. Trask!

Tilt down as
BEN falls.

(TRASK SPRINGS FORWARD AND
SWINGS THE HEAVY HANDLE OF HIS
WHIP KNOCKING BEN UNCONSCIOUS.)

54) 4 A
2-sh WILLIE/JAMIE L/A
Take them L. for
4-sh TRASK/GREY/JAMIE/WILLIE

WILLIE: (RUSHING AT TRASK) Why you

JAMIE: (GOING TO BEN) Ben

TRASK: (STOPPING HIM) Hold off him!

GREY: (QUIVERING WITH RAGE) Clap
him into irons. When I return with
the new contracts, bind him and
drop him from the yardarm. (TO
JAMIE, WILLIE & COLIN) But mark this,
the next man who opposes re won't
be so lucky.

(HE SWEEPS OFF)

As GREY goes L. tilt
down to BEN as Sailor
begins to lift him.

(THE SAILOR BENDS DOWN AND
PICKS UP THE UNCONSCIOUS BEN,
LOADING HIM ON HIS SHOULDER.)

FADE OUT

5. INT. INN. DAY.

3B 5B
A3

55) FADE UP
3 B
C.U. PERKINS drinking wine
Pull out to M.S.

(PERKINS, A WINE GLASS AND FLAGON
OF SHERRY IN FRONT OF HIM, SEATED
IN ONE OF THE PARTITIONS FACING A
NERVOUS POLLY & KIRSTY. HIS CANE
IS ON THE END OF THE TABLE.

5 next

56) 5 B as Polly rises (THE DOCTOR IS IN THE NEXT
2-sh PERKINS/POLLY PARTITION LISTENING TO THEM.)
(fav. Polly)

POLLY: (GETTING UP) Mr. Grey doesn't
seem to be coming. I think we'd better
be off.

57) 3 B
2-sh PERKINS/POLLY (PERKINS RAISES HIS CAN & STOPS HER.)
(fav. Perkins)

PERKINS: My dear young lady, surely
you won't deprive an old fellow of your
charming company. I assure you he won't
be long.

58) 5 B
2-sh a/b

Tighten as POLLY rises. POLLY: Nevertheless, I think

PERKINS: (STEELY TONE) I insist.

59) 3 B POLLY: No.
3-sh PERKINS/POLLY/KIRSTY
L/A

Tighten on PERKINS
as he sits L.

PERKINS: I shall rouse the watch. They
may be interested in two such genteel
orange wenchies.

(POLLY STARES HELPLESSLY AT HIM
FOR A MOMENT THEN SITS DOWN AGAIN.
KIRSTY FOLLOWS SUIT.)

That's better. Now to pass the time,
what say you to a round of whist?

POLLY: Whist? I can't play whist.

DOC's hand comes in R.
As PERKINS rises, pull out,
crab L., pan R. for
deep 3-sh
PERKINS/POLLY/DOC.

(DOCTOR WHO HAS COME ROUND FROM
HIS HIDING PLACE DURING THE LAST
EXCHANGE SLIDES IN TO SIT BESIDE
PERKINS AND SPEAKS IN HIS QUAVERY,
HAG'S VOICE.)

DOCTOR: You need four for whist.

(PERKINS ANSWERS, NOT BOTHERING
TO LOOK TOO CLOSELY - ONE GLANCE
AT THOSE TEETH IS ENOUGH FOR HIM.)

PERKINS: Kindly remove yourself,
Madame.

5 next

On 3.

(DOLLY LOOKS CLOSELY AT THE DOCTOR, RECOGNISES HIM AND CLAPS HER HAND TO HER MOUTH TO STIFLE HER GIGGLES.

DOC. Xs u.s. to
sit L.
3-sh PERKINS/DOC/POLLY

DOCTOR WHO SPREADS HIS SKIRTS AND FINISHES OFF PERKINS GLASS OF PORT)

DOCTOR WHO: Nothing finer than a wee round of whist. Who is to deal?

PERKINS: (OUTRAGED) Madame, I told you...

(HE TURNS TO GET UP - STOPS AS HE SEES GREY'S PISTOL LEVELLED AT HIS HEAD)

DOCTOR WHO: I'm sure ye'll oblige an auld woman.

Tighten on
PERKINS/DOC.

(PERKINS LOOKS CLOSELY AT THE DOCTOR'S FACE)

PERKINS: The German Doctor.

As DOC turns to KIRSTY
pull out to 4-sh.

DOCTOR WHO: Aye. Would you deal Kirsty and perhaps you would like to out for trumps Perkins.

Let GREY in u.s.

(GREY ENTERS, IN A FURIOUS TEMPER.

PERKINS: Well I
DOCTOR WHO LOWERS HIS HEAD SO THAT HIS FACE IS OBSCURED BY HIS BONNET AND HIDES HIS GUN WITH HIS SHAWL, KEEPING THE MUZZLE AT PERKINS WAISTCOAT)

GREY: Perkins, what the devil are you doing man?

(PERKINS, FEELING A NUDGE WITH THE PISTOL, ANSWERS UNHAPPILY)

PERKINS: Ah, I'm just playing a round of cards Mr. Grey.

On 3.

(GREY GIVES THE OTHERS A
QUICK GLANCE.)

GREY: Indeed. Well you can just come
up to my room with me. We need more
contracts.

(HE TURNS AWAY)

POLLY: Mr. Grey

(GREY TURNS ON HIS WAY TO
THE DOOR)

GREY: Yes?

(POLLY LOOKS AT THE DOCTOR.
HE SHAKES HIS HEAD.)

As GREY exits u.s.
tighten & lose KIRSTY

POLLY: Oh nothing

(GREY LOOKS KEENLY BACK AT
HER, STRUCK BY HER ACCENT,
BUT THERE ARE MORE IMPORTANT
MATTERS ~~HE~~ TURNS ON HIS HEEL
AND EXITS.)

GREY: Come along Perkins. Hurry up.

PERKINS: I must go.

60) 5 B as Doc.
Tight 2-sh stops him
PERKINS/DOC
(fav. Doc.)

DOCTOR WHO: (STOPPING HIM) But,
remember you've seen nothing.

PERKINS: Eh?

DOCTOR WHO: Your eyes remember.
You wouldn't want another headache,
would you?

PERKINS: No - no, of course not.....
But....

61) 3 B
Tight 2-sh
PERKINS/DOC
(fav. Perkins)

DOCTOR WHO: I'll tell you what's
going to happen. We ladies are going
to leave first. You're going to sit
here comfortably for ten minutes before
you get up to go. /

5 next

PERKINS: But Mr. Grey

DOCTOR WHO: Because I shall be watching you for all that time and one move

62) 5 B PERKINS: Yes sir. I understand sir. /
Wide 2-sh
As DOC and girls
move go L,
crab PERKINS R.
to sit. DOCTOR WHO: Come girls, let us leave
this rough place. (TO PERKINS) Ten
minutes!

63) 3 B PERKINS: Yes sir. Ten minutes.
C.U. Cards Ten minutes. /
Tilt up to PERKINS

RECORDING BREAK: REPOS. ARTISTS & CAMERAS.

64) MIX 4 C (under 1's cable) (THE DOCTOR, POLLY & KIRSTY
M.L.S. Door EMERGE & LOOK AROUND THEM.) Grams.
Let POLLY/KIRSTY/DOC Ext.atmos.
in R. f/g. horses,
They enter. POLLY: It's quite safe. Come on. birds, etc.

7. INT. BARN. DAY.

5C 1D 4B
B1 C3

65) 5 C (POLLY, KIRSTY & DOCTOR ENTER
M.L. 3-sh & SIT DOWN IN THE HAY.)
POLLY/DOC/KIRSTY
Let DOC go L.
Tighten on POLLY/KIRSTY POLLY: (LAUGHING) All right?

DOCTOR WHO: Very nice. Very nice.

POLLY: Oh that horrid little man's face.

KIRSTY:(JOINING IN) It was a picture right enou'.

(THE DOCTOR BRINGS OUT THE
PISTOL AND AIMS IT AT THE FAR
SIDE OF THE BARN COCKS IT.)

1 next

66) 1 D as Polly POLLY: Careful Doctor.

Deep L.S. turns
Gun big in L. f/g.
POLLY/KIRSTY R. b/g.

KIRSTY: Och, ye'll bring the town
upon us.

As they rush fwd.
elevate & tighten
for tight 3-sh.

(THE DOCTOR PRESSES THE TRIGGER.
THE LOCKS SNAPS HARMLESSLY)

DOCTOR WHO: I unloaded it last
night. Dangerous things.

POLLY: You know that gear rather
suits you Doctor.

Take DOC L. to
climb steps.
Elevate with him but
lose his head.

DOCTOR WHO: (INTERESTED) Do you really
think so?

Then jib R. &
tighten as he lies
down for 3-sh
DOC/POLLY/KIRSTY

(HE GIVES THEM THE FULL TEETH
EFFECT)

KIRSTY: You're the very image of my
auld Grannie MacLaren. (SHE LAUGHS)

POLLY: (SERIOUSLY) You're wonderful
Doctor, you've even managed to cheer
Kirsty up.

KIRSTY: (SOBERING UP AGAIN) Aye,
I'd forgotten.

POLLY: What are we going to do
Doctor?

(On to page 23)

4 next

(THE DOCTOR FLINGS HIMSELF
ON THE HAY AND CLOSSES HIS
EYES)

DOCTOR WHO: (DROWSILY) Dunno.
What do you suggest we should do?

POLLY: (DESPAIRINGLY) Oh Doctor
don't go all sleepy on us now.
We've got to do something.

DOCTOR WHO: Go ahead.

POLLY: (HAVING TO THINK FAST)
Well, if only we knew where the
others were!

DOCTOR WHO: On the "Annabelle".

KIRSTY: What?

DOCTOR WHO: A ship. Master's
name Trask.

67) 4 B as he appears (OPENS HIS EYES AND SHAKES HIS
M.C.U. DOC HEAD REPROVINGLY)

Not a nice man - you wouldn't
like him.

68) 1 D as his head (HE CLOSSES HIS EYES AGAIN)
3-sh a/b moves

POLLY eases fwd.
Keep 3-sh.

POLLY: (SHARPLY) Doctor!
(DESPERATELY) If they're on a
ship we've got to get them off it.

DOCTOR WHO: (SLEEPILY) Or ...

POLLY: Or (THINKING HARD) try
and capture the ship.

69) 5 C on turn KIRSTY: What would we do that for?
2-sh POLLY/KIRSTY
(fav. POLLY)

POLLY: Well surely you could sail
to somewhere safe. Wasn't France
your ally or something?

1 next

70) 1 D 3-sh a/b KIRSTY: (FIRMLY) I'll no leave Scotland.

DOCTOR WHO: It'd be safer.

KIRSTY: Never.

71) 4 B 2-sh DOC/KIRSTY L/A as he appears DOCTOR WHO: (SITTING UP) It wouldn't have to be for long. Just for ...

(HE IS GOING TO SAY HOW MANY YEARS BUT HE CHECKS HIMSELF)

a while. Then it will be safe to return here again.

KIRSTY: Why should I leave my ain country?

72) 1 D 3-sh a/b as he lies down again DOCTOR WHO: (LYING DOWN AGAIN) Please yourself, but you and your father may both lose your lives if you stay in the glens. /

73) 5 C 2-sh POLLY/KIRSTY Pull back as KIRSTY Xs to L.f/g.

KIRSTY: (RELUCTANTLY) Are ye sure there's no other way?

POLLY: The doctor says it won't be for long.

KIRSTY: What must we do then?

POLLY: We must make a plan (LOOKS AT THE DOCTOR) Doctor! (POKES HIM IN THE RIBS) Have you a plan for us.

Keep 2-sh as
POLLY Xs u.s.

DOCTOR WHO: No.

74) 1 D 2-sh DOC/POLLY as she appears POLLY: Oh come on, I know you better than that. You must have a plan.

DOCTOR WHO: Not really.

4 next

(THE TWO GIRLS LOOK AT HIM
IN DESPAIR. HE OPENS ONE
EYE)

DOCTOR WHO: (cont) Just a wee
idea ...

(POLLY IS RELIEVED, LOOKING
REPROACHFULLY AT HIM)

POLLY: Doctor!

75) 4 B' as he (DOCTOR RAISES HIMSELF QUICKLY
Deep 3-sh sits up FULL OF SUDDEN ENERGY)
KIRSTY/DOC/POLLY

Tighten with KIRSTY

Keep 3-sh.

DOCTOR WHO: Just thought of it.
Won't work of course. (THEIR FACES
FALL, SMILES) But it'll be a try.
Anyone got any money.

POLLY: Seventeen guineas - from
the English Lieutenant.

DOCTOR WHO: A for tune in these
days. We need weapons, lots of
them, and a rowing boat.

KIRSTY: I can get the boat.

DOCTOR WHO: Good. And the
weapons can be bought.

POLLY: Can they?

DOCTOR WHO: From the English
soldiers. They must have hoards
of rebel weapons as souvenirs.

POLLY: But will they sell them
to us?

DOCTOR WHO: You don't know the
English soldier. He'd sell you
his mother for twopence.

KIRSTY: And then?

DOCTOR WHO: We smuggle them out of the Brig.

POLLY: (EXCITED) Yes doctor ... and then?

DOCTOR WHO: And then ... (LOOKS BLANK) Don't know. (YAWNS) I expect we'll find something to do there. Must sleep now.

(HE FALLS BACK INTO HAY AND IS INSTANTLY ASLEEP:

POLLY LEANS OVER HIM, TRIES TO WAKE HIM)

POLLY: But Doctor! (LOOKS CLOSER)

KIRSTY: (LOOKING AT HIM) Och he's fast asleep.

(THE TWO GIRLS LOOK AT EACH OTHER AND SHRUG THEIR SHOULDERS. WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH HIM!)

76) TELECINE: - 2

s.o.f.

Ext. Rowing Boat.
Night.

A grim-faced GREY, wrapped up in his cloak, and a nervous PERKINS, are being rowed towards the brig.

GREY clambers on deck followed by PERKINS clutching a battered portfolio of legal papers. TRASK helps them aboard.

GREY: Mr. Trask?

TRASK: Aye.

GREY: Is everything in readiness?

TRASK: It is.

SL

- 27 -

s.o.f.

On T/cine

GREY: If anyone tries the lice
trick - shoot him down immediately.
Understand?

TRASK: Don't you worry about that.

GREY: I've had Perkins copy out
three contracts. Just to make
sure. e'll need two of them signed.

TRASK touches the whip
at his belt.

TRASK: Every man jack of 'em will
sign - if not with ink then with
his blood. Tis all one to me.

GREY: (SHARPLY) No. You're not
dealing with slaves man. These
highlanders have high courage and
resolution. If you flog but one
of them they'll stand together and
refuse to sign a thing. You'll
undo all I've worked for. When
they're safely sold in Barbados
they can be whipped to death for
all I care - until then use a
light fist or you'll anser to me.

TRASK faces him out
for a moment - then
turns away and spits
on the deck.

TRASK: And the London deserter.
What am I to do with him?

GREY: Proceed with the ducking.
He will be a useful encouragement
to the rest, Perkins, go below
and commence.

PERKINS bows, hurries
to the companionway and
goes below.

GREY: (TO TRASK) Bring the
deserter on deck.

- 27 -

4B 1D 5C
B1 C38. INT. BARN. NIGHT.

77) 4 B _____ (POLLY AND KIRSTY ARE WAITING
M.S. Weapons on floor FOR THE DOCTOR. IN FRONT OF
Tilt up to 2-sh THEM ON A CLOTH IN THE HAY ARE
POLLY/KIRSTY A BROKEN SWORD, A PITCH FORK
AND A COUPLE OF KITCHEN KNIVES)

POLLY: We haven't ~~done~~ very well
have we?

KIRSTY: They wouldn't take me
seriously.

POLLY: Nor me. I hope the Doctor's
had better luck than this.

(THERE IS A SOFT KNOCK AT
THE BARN DOOR. THE GIRLS
RUSH TO IT)

Who's there?

DOCTOR WHO: (OOV) Me

As they rise crab
them R. to door

78) 1 D _____ as door (THEY OPEN THE DOOR AND THE
L.S. Door L/A opens DOCTOR ENTERS TRUNDLING A SMALL
(thru' posts under steps) HAND BARROW COVERED WITH A
CLOTH. THEY CLOSE THE DOOR
BEHIND HIM)

As DOC enters with
barrow track back &
jib R. past steps.

79) 5 C _____ as Polly
3-sh _____ speaks
POLLY/DOC/KIRSTY

POLLY: What have you got Doctor
- let's see?

DOCTOR WHO: No! Let's see what
you've got first.

POLLY: Don't tease us. Look

80) 4 B _____ as Polly
M.S. Weapons looks (SHE SHOWS HIM THEIR MEAGRE
Tilt up to 3-sh. SUPPLY OF WEAPONS)

DOCTOR WHO: Well it's a start.

81) 1 D as Doc. (HE GOES TO BARROW AND WHIPS
M.S. Barrow H/A pulls cloth OFF THE CLOTH WITH THE AIR OF
A CONJUROR. THE BARROW IS
LOADED TO THE BRIN WITH SWORDS,
MUSKETS, TARGETS, DIRKS,
PISTOLS ETC.)

Tilt up to 2-sh
DOC/KIRSTY

KIRSTY: Whee! Ye must have robbed
the Duke's arsenal.

Pan L. to 2-sh
with POLLY

DOCTOR WHO: (MODESTLY) Something
like that.

POLLY: You're fantastic.

Tilt down to pistol
& up to 2-sh
DOC/KIRSTY

(KIRSTY LEANS OVER TO PICK
UP A HEAVILY ORNAMENTED
PISTOL)

KIRSTY: Here's a bonny one.

DOCTOR WHO: (GRABBING HER WRIST)
One moment.

KIRSTY: (SCARED) What is it?

DOCTOR WHO: Your ring. (KIRSTY
TRIES TO COVER IT) Show me. /

82) 4 B
M.C.U. POLLY

POLLY: Oh that. It's her
father's, she won't let you touch
it. /

83) 1 D
2-sh a/b

(THE DOCTOR TAKES KIRSTY'S
HAND AND SHE RELUCTANTLY
LETS HIM SEE THE RING)

DOCTOR WHO: (LOOKING HER IN THE
EYE) I see why.

POLLY: What's the secret?

DOCTOR WHO: It's not her father's
ring.

84) 5 C on move KIRSTY: You lie. It is.
3-sh
POLLY/DOC/KIRSTY

T/cine next

KIRSTY Xs to L. f/g
DOC Xs to R. of her.

DOCTOR WHO: Then why has it the
Stuart seal?

KIRSTY: My father bade me not
tell where **he** got it.

Tighten.

DOCTOR WHO: Until the right time.
That time has now arrived.

KIRSTY: The Prince gave it to my
father off his own finger in the
heat of battle. (**PROUDLY**) He
saved the Prince's life.

DOCTOR WHO: Then it is right and
proper that it should now save his
life. (**HOLDS OUT HAND**) May I have
it?

(**KIRSTY LOOKS AT HIM FOR A
MOMENT AND THEN SLOWLY DRAWS
IT OFF HER FINGER AND GIVES
IT TO HIM. HE STUDIES IT**)

I wonder ... (**THINKS**) Bait!

Let POLLY in R.

POLLY: Pardon, Doctor?

DOCTOR WHO: Bait for a very greedy
man.

As DOC tries on ring,
tighten on him.

(**HE TRIES THE RING ON HIS
FINGER, ADMIRES HIMSELF**)

Now (**SERIOUSLY**) How to get this lot
to the quayside undetected.

85) CUT
TELECINE: 3

s.o.f.

Brig and Water. Night.

BEN is standing on
deck, his arms and
legs are tied and a
SAILOR is adjusting
a high rope around
his waist. The
SAILOR steps back.

2 next

GREY and TRASK are watching on deck. GREY nods his head and the rope slowly lifts BEN off the deck. He hangs there swinging for a moment, then a couple of SAILORS swing him out over the side. TRASK looks at GREY. He nods TRASK brings his arm down. The rope drops and BEN hits the water with a great splash. The two SAILORS holding the other end of the line look to TRASK for the signal to haul BEN up again but he waits, looking at the water. A mass of bubbles begin rising to the surface.

TRASK: Heave away!

BEN is hauled out of the water - Gasping for breath but not so desperate as might be expected. TRASK signals to the MEN and BEN is lowered again. All watch the water. The rope moves, bubbles come to the surface then stop. TRASK smiles. The others look for the signal. He continues to wait as we...

SUPER

86)

2 C

Roller caption (Start mid frame)

Dr. Who
PATRICK TROUGHTON

Trask
DALIAS CAVELL

Ben
MICHAEL CRAZE

Grams.
Sig. tune

Jamie
FRAZER HINES

The Laird
DONALD BISSET

Willie Mackay
ANDREW DOWNIE

Polly
ANNEKE WILLS

Kirsty
HANNAH GORDON

Lt. Algernon Finch
MICHAEL ELWYN

Sergeant
PETER WELCH

Perkins
SYDNEY ARNOLD

Solicitor Grey
DAVID GARTH

Title music by RON GRAINER and
the BBC Radiophonic Workshop

Story Editor
GERRY DAVIS

Designer
GEOFFREY KIRKLAND

Producer
INNES LLOYD

MIX TO SLIDE

Directed by
HUGH DAVID
BBC tv

FADE SOUND AND VISION